THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1757.

Choice Poetry.

WITHERED GRASS.

BY D. T. SHELLADAY.—[Ohio Farmer.]

Like the still rustlen of the little babe,
The heart is ruffled by the merest breath:
A word, a look, a deed, will oft unbalm
A strand of sorrow from the fresh'ning soul.

And here a simple theme of faded grass
Has made me muse on many things connected with a time
Of old affection, which had slept, alas!
Till now the touch of this dry grass has roused them.

My mind confided them in the meager line
Of her who wrought it in the days of youth I more pride.
But who, more fond than summer blossoms are,
Roamed not in fields, and o'er the meadows fair
Adorned with roses that she loved as well.

Love had made each one dear to her, though little
Knew she of how with Annie by my side—
Annie, the gentle, the kind, the loving one—
Her cheek still bloomed in youth and beauty's pride.

Her roses were more to tender music poured
Upon my angry, all-attentive ear,
And every leaf of every flower adored
My listening spirit heard itself to hear

Her voice, and every fragrant blossom wrought
Her constant cheek was pressed against my own;
And every sweet bud was a type of her
The rounded cheek in memory lives alone—

Until the veil dividing us is riven,
Where, crossed, the fond hearts that blossom reformed place,
Never embranchised sparrow it is given
To rest in heaven's unclouded face.

Even though an angel crowns adorn her head,
Though life eternal in her bosom glow,
Even had down the bower once on me shed
It sweetest gift, embracing to the last.

Original Novelet.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A PEDESTRIAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

A perfect paradise of peace was planted,
To watch, to comfort, and command:
And yet a spirit still, and still decreed,
Stood sentinel in stern debate.

It was a clear, bright morning when I arose, and the autumnal crudeness by warm and loving the sun had softened down. I stood on the broad, level slopes of the hill, which fell down to it in graceful sweeps, whatever the plow farmer had been filled, and replaced by undergrowth and wood chestnut; but I could perceive from the way in which the grass grew that the ground had been filled, and heiress by the wayside, were the thickly crowd in the sparkling gutsliest of white hour frost, and that several heavy rewaths of gray, moss-covered stones were used in the banks of the mountains, gradually increasing in density and volume, and seeming to loose, in immense proportions, the sides of the hills on the old wonderland.

On descending into the sitting-room, I found all the female part of the family assembled, with the exception of Marion; the old man sitting in his accustomed chair, with his cat purring under the influence of the merry bleam, so that I concluded that my absence since I had left them on the previous evening.

The same cordial and happy greeting awaited me, and I was soon established one on my first arrival; but, beyond this, I could not but observe a certain restraint which seemed to prevail. I looked in the dark, and eyes of the mistress of the house as often as they met on my face; which my attentions were called to the subject, I perceived they did continually, regarding quickly, as if by some unconscious attraction, or half-observed memory, to it, as to something seen before and dimly remembered, and not to be at once recalled. I was at a loss, and, ere long, I was began pondering, and recalling old scenes, which had seemingly left my mind for dark, handsome, melancholy face were in some sort familiar to me, connected with some dim, shadowy, and yet pleasant childhood, though not as sad and care-worn as it now appeared to me, in the midst of that happy circle.

In a few minutes the young men made their appearance from the barns and out-buildings, where they had been busy with the stock and the fields, full of spirits, and that exhilaration, which light and unwonted labor, in the free morning air, never fails to bestow even to the worn and jaded man of cities.

"Good morning, good morning to you, friend," exclaimed Hardress, as soon as he entered the room, and he held out on my first one; and we shall be the gainers this time, and I hope, to no great loss of yours, if you will join us in a ramble over the hills to-day."

"Two or three days," I exclaimed, "days or three hours, rather, and scarce that; why, I have been under way no more at the breakfast's than a quarter of an hour, and I'm fairly beginning, if the road's no rough as you say either."

"Hardly, indeed! For, before two hours are over, you'll not see such a rain-storm as you have ever seen, and it will come down in such a way that you will be glad enough for you to be shut up here in the house with us, and to be entertained."

"But you must throw off all idea that you are putting us to any care or inconvenience. It is an old-time habit of our gentlemen, or any companionable person, visits them will, and of the way places, that such a stranger as you is ever welcome. I assure you," she continued, again offering her hand, "that we shall be sincerely glad to have you among us, the longer the better; and our only regret will be if the delay subject you to any serious inconvenience."

"To none, whatsoever," I replied, "I am following only a vagrant's occupation, and, as a lady, and have, I am almost ashamed to say, no limit to my leisure, and no bounds to direct my footsteps, beyond the will o' the wisp of my own vagrant fancy. I will accept your kind invitation, and, I trust, you will accept my apology, which I feel to be needless. But I must not intrude upon you longer, for I see by the scowling in your face which struck me when you first entered under your roof, and which I have been torturing myself to trace out, all the while I was speaking, that you are waiting to our roof—you are welcome! you are welcome!" she exclaimed, with a burst of genuine enthusiasm, the more remarkable from the unbecoming reserve, not to my gravity, of her usual manner, "and you will be welcome your own mother's son must be to my heart-side. Long years! long years! Why, I was the time when you were born—why, I have held you on my knee a thousand times; and you have not forgotten me, surely, sir—"

"Pardon me," I replied, "a certain indistinct, dream-like impression of your face, and, more, of something most familiar, in your eyes and in your voice, makes, but I could not recall it to my mind, or where, or when; and I was beginning to set the impression down as one of fancy, when you spoke of Annie, and to have fell at once time or other, when you were a mere child, and I was a boy, and the strike as so familiar of old. I must have been very young indeed, I fear."

"Not so young as you remember; if you can indeed remember—but there is that concealed under those gray locks which I may not discover! never! not if I were to live to the days of Apocalypse." And that strange, wild expression of sorrow, which I had noticed on her eyes, as if she were looking back with into the dim recesses of memory, and that by the sources of eternity; and I was beginning to feel uncomfortable enough, and half to wonder whether the lady was not deranged in mind, as some subjects, when she recalled me in an instant to myself and to propriety, by a sweet matter of course, and of hearty occurrence; and her yet stranger reticence, when she was led to my face to her hidden maiden, she recalled that doubtful to me whether the same she gave me was not—though in a slightly altered form, to conceive it otherwise—had not escaped the others more than it had me; and the impression had fallen upon me, as if I had uttered, instead, that something of painful mystery, of which remembrance and heavy sorrow was connected with the circumstances of intimacy between my mother and Madam Calvert; and the impression was so strong, that I was certain that I was heartily glad when the silent and melancholy party was at an end, and I could withdraw to their domestic cares, leaving us alone with the young men—I say alone, for though the aged gentleman sat on the other side of the fireplace of intellect left him to witness, neither by eye or ear, and might be passing. Whether I am observant by nature, or whether I become so by living from early age with persons who are more than ordinarily reticent and meditative, and being used to listen to discussions of character and circumstance of other and cause, I know not; but, certainly, from my remote youth, I have been quick at noticing expressions of countenance, and remarking upon, no less than of speech, and prompt to form opinions and conclusions, which might be rash, but not, in the end, wholly unprofitable to the present instance, I had fancied, from the stare, the return of the eccentric comets, and the vagaries of the wind, whereof Mr. Hardress had fallen into the habit, if observed that,

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The George Law arrived at New York on Saturday last, bringing California news to the 1st, and $317,000 in gold.

There have been a number of other failures. The financial editor of the Ledger, of this city, thus sums up the late monetary panic:—The money panic had subsided to some extent in San Francisco. Wells, Fargo & Co. had resumed payment. The arrangements for the resumption of the firm of Messrs. Page, Bacon & Co. were not completed, but it was believed they would be in a condition to resume business in a few days. Adams & Co. had filed a petition of insolvency—their schedule showing an excess of assets over liabilities to the amount of about $100,000. We presume their own valuation is set on their assets, which may, or may not be realized, while their liabilities are not likely to be any less than as set down. As good an evidence, probably, as any other, of the utter insolvency of the concern may be found in the fact of their certificates of deposit selling in the street at 25 to 35 cents on the dollar—of which there are about one million eight hundred thousand outstanding. The community, it is reported, are in no way satisfied with the recent developments of this house. Page, Bacon & Co. have had their extension paper signed for nearly one million of dollars. It will be remembered that they only asked for an extension of four hundred thousand. Their books are still open, and they are endeavoring quietly to get all concerned to come into the arrangement. It is asserted that nothing will be lost by Page, Bacon & Co. The condition of Robinson's Saving Bank is not definitely known, but is believed to be nearly a total wreck. The proprietor thought it possible that with an allowance of thirty days' time he might pay 37½ cents on the dollar. Creditors were not satisfied with this promise, and the Constables and Sheriffs holding processes forced an entrance, and the search commenced. Upon opening the vault nothing was discovered except a specie bag, which, on examination, was found to contain three pounds of ——shot, and an indefinite quantity of needles, which severely pricked the party who grabbed it. A very fashionable sort of an expose this. Business of all kinds was entirely suspended for the time being. Flour, rice, coffee, and candle speculators, to say nothing of other operators, were anxious to realize, even willing to take Page, Bacon & Co.'s certificates in exchange for depreciated merchandise. Copious rains had fallen, brightening the prospects of both the gold finder and the farmer. The most important item of news by this arrival is the quick transit across the Isthmus—landing at one side in the morning and sailing from the other in the evening of the same day.

DIVISION OF CALIFORNIA—THE NEW STATE OF COLUMBIA.—ASSEMBLY, February 27. By Mr. Hunt:—"An Act to create a new State out of the Territory of California." [A very lengthy and animated debate ensued on the introduction of this bill. Mr. Stevenson moved, [illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

EXTREMES MEET.—Bishop Hughes, of New York, recently attended a soiree given in Rome, by a Presbyterian family from Georgia. Mons. Bedini was also present.

The publishers of the Louisville papers have agreed to decline the publication of the hotel arrivals, except when they are paid for, at the rate of two cents per name.

In a late trial at Cincinnati, it was proved in evidence, that John S. Dye, the Detector man, commenced his business at banking with fifty dollars in cash, and one hundred and fifty dollars in Georgia bank bills.—*North American.*

THE BORROWED SAW, SIR.—"I come for the saw, sir." "What saucer?" "Why, the saw, sir, that ye borrowed." "I borrowed no saucer." "Sure ye did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir." "Get out, you rascal, I never saw your saucer." "Be dad but ye did, there's the saw, sir, now, sir." "Oh, you want the saw. Why the deuce didn't you say so?"

CINCINNATI, March 22.—In the Court of Appeals at Covington, to-day, Judge Prior decided that the makers of notes given for stock in the Kentucky Trust Company, are not liable for the payment of those notes, unless it can be shown that they combined to defraud the public. This decision reduces the assets of the bank nearly $700,000.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NAPIER AND DUNDAS.—Punch says the following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals who have not achieved much distinction of any other kind—Napier was expected to do something, and didn't do it. Dundas was expected to do nothing and did it.

The New York City Police embraces 718 Americans, and 417 foreigners. Of the latter no less than 305 are Irish, 51 Germans, 26 English, and 10 Scotch. In addition to the 417 foreigners, there are 14 who refuse to tell their place of birth. Of the whole police force no less than 39 have been in the State Prison.

COLLEGE ON THE FRONTIER.—It seems rather early to be undertaking the erection of colleges in Kansas territory, but we see it announced that the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, is going to erect one forthwith at Lawrence city, on the Kansas River.

The astronomers of the Cambridge, (Mass.) Observatory, on the evening of the 5th instant, shortly after sunset, had the satisfaction of seeing three planets at the same time, in the same field of the finer telescope, viz: Mercury, Venus, and Mars.

Henry O. Wood and wife have recovered a verdict of $2,000 against the Panama Railroad Co., for detention on the Isthmus, and the consequent sickness of the lady.

Medina county, Ohio, sets a good example. At the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas, there was not a single criminal trial, and but one indictment found by the Grand Jury.

PRETTY SHARP.—A writer in the Christian Examiner describes Barnum's Iranistan as "a vulgar copy of the vulgar palace of the most vulgar prince who ever sat on the English throne; a monstrous humbug in wood and stone, bristling on the outside with pretence, and within as splendid as a—steamboat!"

The Secretary of the Navy has appointed Lieut. Henry J. Hartstene, of the Navy, late in command of one of Collins' steamers, to command the expedition to the Arctic Seas in search of Dr. Kane.

WHERE DOES ALL THE PORK GO?—During the first fifteen days in March, the Central Railroad brought to Albany between twelve and thirteen thousand dressed hogs, all from the Western States, and principally from Chicago. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 24.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 41 and 43 S. Third St.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained of the Periodical Dealers ..., Nos. 11 and 10 Ann Street, New York.

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OIL CLOTHS!

[illegible]

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ROBERT GRAHAM: A SEQUEL TO LINDA; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE. BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

HOWARD GREY.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

PATENT LAWS AND THE PATENT OFFICE.

[illegible]

WITH AN APPENDIX. BY J. G. MOORE,

[illegible]

THE ISLAND EMPIRE: OR, THE SCENES OF THE FIRST EXILE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLONDELLE,"

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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TO OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, SEAMEN, &c., OF ALL WARS: their Widows and Minor Children.

S. M. KNIGHT, ATTORNEY FOR GOVERNMENT CLAIMANTS, Washington, D. C.

[illegible]

FUDGE DOINGS,

[illegible]

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

A LOVE-LYRIC.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

[illegible]

City Scenes.

THOSE LAZY (whose birthday it is). "Oh, just! I have had a great number of nice presents; but I wonder who kept me this beautiful bouquet?"

HARMONIC FAMILY (with considerable pronunciation of mind, and great expression of eye). "And can't you guess it?" (Right deeply.)

(N. B., Poor Binks, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from a Florist's, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.)

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

DESIRABLE RESIDENCES.

Oh, that everything-going! Oh, that remorseless waiter! Why will he always give us extra flourish before the door of one, totally inappreciative of scientific gong-ism?

"Blanket, omelette, broil'd and broken," the whole thing is disgusting—at least, when one has no appetite. I will watch my neighbors. What a horrible ogre man is! what hideous jaws that a bonâ of a nose. What a fright he must be to admire! His soul is too short for him, and his coarse is a fright. He calls his wife "dear," too, every five minutes—a sure sign that he hates her ears in private. Now, he suffers the morning paper. There is no use in anger at man's intellectuality, than his love of the newspaper. His is the [illegible] *per se I expected!*

Now that lady opposite, examining her plate, knife, fork and napkin, microscopically; [illegible] "too new," "too old," "too soft," "too hard," "too brown," "too pale," "too strong." Well, it is as good a way as any, I suppose, of attending situation to that elegant morning dream. What an artillery of coquetry may be played off with a little white linen. How I see, gleaming amid her dark curls; how sapporting her dimpled chin; now playing with a fork or napkin. Ah! she is not caught by such. There is a pure, silly mouth of a lawyer, opposite, whose wings are entwined with the same. He has penetrated that crop of fifteen times scrowly, to my knowledge.

And here we have a widow. What a treat it is to see a fine-looking, well-dressed cheerful lady! with sense enough to see that her own attire hair, instead of some unbecoming tinsels, furnished by the perruquier. By her side is her son, appropriately dressed, his invalid wife. What a contrast! *She*, with her unique blue-veil, and simple, but elegant, embossed form, and hands so transparent, with their blue-veined tracery. *He*, bold, bright, somewhat full of vitality and health, with his luxuriant, curly locks, strong, white, full-shaving hand and the form of a Hercules. How tragically the invalid leans her head upon her hand! How she glances, shivering, at a gas jet, and how the kind lady notices a servant to shut it—an egg is brought, a cup of tea, some toast; she just tastes them, and sits back, as if unequal to the effort. Now she says querulously (poor thing) "the window's open behind me, Augusta, is it? Now open the window!" her husband, in a tone of voice expressive of love to her room, and brings her a shawl. I look at her kind husband, and a gallant bow, he hands her something which I requested of the waiter, I almost feel like tweaking the child's—for the poor restless invalid thereof—ear, and says, "Sit a bed," and wishes it were the table before her party. Her husband rises impatiently, offers her his arm, and they disappear. Ah, ha! how glad we have lived too long—long enough to weary those whom we love!

There is a group now: that clergyman and his wife and child. Observe the starch in his collar and cuffs! observe the unobtrusive air of face and coat-tails: how few and oracular are his words; his eyes, when not fixed upon his plate, are out beyond his social fellow treasures up to the ceiling, and he hands that omelette to his wife as a matter of if he were giving her the right hand of fellowship. Oh, fudge! His wife looks careful, prim and pre-Shottery! Feed his child is just done, and has been eaten! (already at six years, a little Pharisaical beggar.) Soon! don't have that child! Such little joyous creatures' who is chipping through the hall, full of irrepressible life, and say! with a wire-drawn solemnity that would tell ridiculous, were it not so pitiful, "Jesu? Samuel, is sticken—grievously sick—in pestence." The little, honest, merry Puck subdressed, tosses back her curls and answers, "I bet I am not dead, sing?" Poor little fairy! God forbid your innocent glee should ever be shocked—your merry laugh hushed by distorted views of Him, who taught the lambs to skip and the birds to sing, who formed the earth, not with sombre hues, but with sapphire blue, and emerald green, sprinkled with stars and embroidered with flowers.

FANNY FERN.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA. — The Sahara is by no means the monotonous sea of sand which we commonly figure to ourselves. Its surface is varied by many natural features, but none of sufficient magnitude to constitute a chain of distinction. The desert is habitable *high*, or uninhabitable, *blade* ; barely, *hattie*, or wooded, *plain* ; stony, *serre*, or covered with extensive rocks, *warry*. If it forms an elevated plateau, it is called *gidoi*; if a depression, *fesquin* or *mattoir plain*, *sebel*." But every where it has the same climate, the same absence of rain, the same fierce visitations of heat and cold, the same forceful simoons, or *hamsens*, rendering life almost insupportable. Even the nights until the vertical evasions from the Mediterranean drive it back in summer and autumn, refreshing the desert with their cold, but powerless to bring with them their moisture, which remains precipitated on the summits of the Atlas.

The population is, of course, grouped in the oases, or fertile spots where springs of water which here and there come to the surface. Their inhabitants enjoy these riches and put never-failing resources, in a region where, on a surface nearly as large as Europe, no another white over fields is ordinary seen, and rain comes in a curious one. Richardson is the only traveller (as far as we remember), who makes it to the extraordinary deluge of rain which falls in particular spots, at intervals often of nine or ten years. He mentions that where much is poisoned, the rain followed fifty successive years, which he conceives was sufficient to form the subterranean receptacles for the waste of another similar period.

The hills and ranges of bakara tervelling, and the strange phenomena of the desert, are familiar to us from many well-known narratives. A French traveller affords greatly to depreciate them, and by extending the area of perpetual horizon on this subject to the imagination of travellers.—*Edin. Review.*

☞ THEN PUZZLE.—We not with the following notice round a theatre in the skirt day—the most original we ever read :

Love is a fire that burns and sparkles
In men as unsteady as it chooses.

Selected Articles.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

The latest wonder we have seen on this subject, is contained in a letter from Mr. Gage to the Ohio Farmer. It is dated Lake's Lodge, Lake Michigan, and then relates details of

> "We chatted a few moments—her breathing grew heavy, her nerves agitated, and then showed by her limbs, which were thrown nervously up on open settee drawn which she passed up. She covered them again and with the forefinger of her left hand, traced something like letters on the outside of her sleeve, barely touching the cloth, and then rubbing it out. Her hand quickly over her arm, outside her sleeve, wrote two or three more times, from first to last, she pushed back her sleeve, and revealed on our astonished gaze, the traces of letters written in blue ink—which, however, disappeared, fall and fair looking, as if the fresh had been shaved by the stroke of a sharper switch. The raised marks were as large round as a good sized knitting needle. The first name written was one of a very peculiar character, and had been traced by her left hand, wrong side out, as that, if sitting on the left hand, checked out it without rising from the chair.
>
> After some of the friends had conversed with the Spirit of her child, to which it was not was present—I asked if no friend of mine desired to communicate. Soon the name of my child were present, and wrote the name of a Mary,' which raised unconsciously as before. I had been thinking and thanking God for the time the brother was speaking, thinks I mean her. And the right, I, sitting on the left hand, could see her child but Mrs. Gage's sister's child.' I now remembered that a sister twenty-five years since, had died and left that name. To whom I was then much attached.
>
> "Those and many other startling things occurred in the light of day, and in the presence of a well-dressed impressed against her will, became convinced that the Spirits of our friends do indeed lady notices a servant to shut it—an egg is brought, a cup of tea, some toast; she just tastes them, and sits back, as if unequal to the effort. Now she says querulously (poor thing) "the window's open behind me, Augusta, is it? Now open the window!" her husband, in a tone of voice expressive of love to her room, and brings her a shawl. I look at me him feel a tenderly arrayed those poor, thin shoulders, but he tosses it over her head, and family as if she were a clothes-horse. Ah, he is no longer handsome in my eyes, and when, the next moment, with a gallant bow, he hands me something which I requested of the waiter, I almost feel like tweaking the child's—for the poor restless invalid thereof—ear, and says, "Sit a bed," and wishes it were the table before her party. Her husband rises impatiently, offers her his arm, and they disappear. Ah, ha! how glad we have lived too long—long enough to weary those whom we love!
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> There is a group now: that clergyman and his wife and child. Observe the starch in his collar and cuffs! observe the unobtrusive air of face and coat-tails: how few and oracular are his words; his eyes, when not fixed upon his plate, are out beyond his social fellow treasures up to the ceiling, and he hands that omelette to his wife as a matter of if he were giving her the right hand of fellowship. Oh, fudge! His wife looks careful, prim and pre-Shottery! Feed his child is just done, and has been eaten! (already at six years, a little Pharisaical beggar.) Soon! don't have that child! Such little joyous creatures' who is chipping through the hall, full of irrepressible life, and say! with a wire-drawn solemnity that would tell ridiculous, were it not so pitiful, "Jesu? Samuel, is sticken—grievously sick—in pestence." The little, honest, merry Puck subdressed, tosses back her curls and answers, "I bet I am not dead, sing?" Poor little fairy! God forbid your innocent glee should ever be shocked—your merry laugh hushed by distorted views of Him, who taught the lambs to skip and the birds to sing, who formed the earth, not with sombre hues, but with sapphire blue, and emerald green, sprinkled with stars and embroidered with flowers.
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> FANNY FERN.

THE DESERT OF SAHARA. — The Sahara is by no means the monotonous sea of sand which we commonly figure to ourselves. Its surface is varied by many natural features, but none of sufficient magnitude to constitute a chain of distinction. The desert is habitable *high*, or uninhabitable, *blade* ; barely, *hattie*, or wooded, *plain* ; stony, *serre*, or covered with extensive rocks, *warry*. If it forms an elevated plateau, it is called *gidoi*; if a depression, *fesquin* or *mattoir plain*, *sebel*." But every where it has the same climate, the same absence of rain, the same fierce visitations of heat and cold, the same forceful simoons, or *hamsens*, rendering life almost insupportable. Even the nights until the vertical evasions from the Mediterranean drive it back in summer and autumn, refreshing the desert with their cold, but powerless to bring with them their moisture, which remains precipitated on the summits of the Atlas.

The population is, of course, grouped in the oases, or fertile spots where springs of water which here and there come to the surface. Their inhabitants enjoy these riches and put never-failing resources, in a region where, on a surface nearly as large as Europe, no another white over fields is ordinary seen, and rain comes in a curious one. Richardson is the only traveller (as far as we remember), who makes it to the extraordinary deluge of rain which falls in particular spots, at intervals often of nine or ten years. He mentions that where much is poisoned, the rain followed fifty successive years, which he conceives was sufficient to form the subterranean receptacles for the waste of another similar period.

The hills and ranges of bakara tervelling, and the strange phenomena of the desert, are familiar to us from many well-known narratives. A French traveller affords greatly to depreciate them, and by extending the area of perpetual horizon on this subject to the imagination of travellers.—*Edin. Review.*

☞ THEN PUZZLE.—We not with the following notice round a theatre in the skirt day—the most original we ever read :

Love is a fire that burns and sparkles
In men as unsteady as it chooses.

FAITHFUL PREACHING.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, in illustrate the peculiar faithfulness of some of the early Kentucky clergy, and in a recent lecture :

> "An incident related by Ewell White, himself a man of note, will illustrate this. It happened at one time that a meeting was appointed in ——, in old Simon Kenton's county. A young preacher, well known in Kentucky, then called Jimmy Axley, by his friends, and very much by his enemies, was to preach. But when he came brought another with him, who spoke first. This disappointed the people, and they were in a perfect fiend of noise and confusion, and paid no attention on the part of the audience. It is customary in Kentucky, when the congregation is tardy to address the meeting; if one drives in a sail of truth, the other clenches it. When Jimmy arrived, all was still, everybody was disposed to listen.
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> "Jo Fleming," said he, "you remind me of a keen observant glance, it is perhaps a painful, but always a necessary duty of your minister to preach where you attend. Now, I observed I shall not shrink from it on this occasion. Jo Fleming," said he, and stopped long standing by the door, that went out within the brother was speaking, said so long as he could hear his name, and then went on with his business. Jimmy covered with wool, cased in and made such a noise cleaning them as he could without stopping, and then began to preach in earnest.
>
> "This little girl about the middle of the floor, with flowers inside her bonnet, that was giggling and whispering and chattering all the time the brother was speaking, thinks I mean her. And the right, I, sitting on the left hand, could see but Mrs. Gage's sister's child.' I now remembered that a sister twenty-five years since, had died and left that name. To whom I was then much attached.
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> "These and many other startling things occurred in the light of day, and in the presence of a well-dressed impressed against her will, became convinced that the Spirits of our friends do indeed lady notices a servant to shut it—an egg is brought, a cup of tea, some toast; she just tastes them, and sits back, as if unequal to the effort. Now she says querulously (poor thing) "the window's open behind me, Augusta, is it? Now open the window!" her husband, in a tone of voice expressive of love to her room, and brings her a shawl. I look at me him feel a tenderly arrayed those poor, thin shoulders, but he tosses it over her head, and family as if she were a clothes-horse. Ah, he is no longer handsome in my eyes, and when, the next moment, with a gallant bow, he hands me something which I requested of the waiter, I almost feel like tweaking the child's—for the poor restless invalid thereof—ear, and says, "Sit a bed," and wishes it were the table before her party. Her husband rises impatiently, offers her his arm, and they disappear. Ah, ha! how glad we have lived too long—long enough to weary those whom we love!
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SCHOOL APPARATUS.

Every school should be furnished with a library, which should include, 1. Books of reference, as dictionaries, gazetteers, books on the school system and practice, and on the history and principles of education. 2. Books for the use of teachers, as the best treatises on the various branches of learning. 3. Books for the use of pupils, as the best treatises on the various branches of learning. 4. Books for the use of parents, as the best treatises on the various branches of learning. 5. Books for the use of the community, as the best treatises on the various branches of learning.

In addition to the library, every school should be provided with such apparatus as shall enable the teacher to employ the best and eye of every pupil in illustrating the principles of the art he may be practically engaged in the school.

The following articles are indispensable in schools of every grade.

A clock, for educational points of the business pointed on the ceiling, or on the teacher's platform, so that the pupils may be accustomed to much timekeeping, or block surface on the walls of the school-room, and the recitation, and the time of recitation. A portion of the black surface should be in full view of the whole school, for the convenience of the teacher. Another portion out of the way within reach of the smaller pupils. One or more movable blackboards, to be used in the recitation rooms, movable stands to support them. All the blackboards should be framed, painted, of a green, and rubbed, of soft cloth, leather, or chamois, and a pencil, with a dull, and with a sharp edge, with a fine, and with a coarse-grain textured. A duster, to rub blackboards, with corrugated surface. A box of crayons, of different colors, for chalk, with a pencil holder and sharpener. A set of maps, to illustrate the use of the passage pupils, under the same direction of the teacher. A map of the United States, showing the boundaries of the several states, properly colored or engraved on a large scale. The County map, hand, and rod, marked off on the edge of the blackboard or on the wall. Rod measure of all the rooms in the house, and lighted, or a foot-rule, a yard-stick, quarter, decimal, and a set of weights. A set of measures of dry qts and the hand. Tests for flowers and minerals, and a set of specimens of each. Terrestrial with apparatus in the following branches of science: Laws of Matter, Laws of Motion, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Electricity, Optics, Magnetism, Astronomy, Arithmetic and Geometry.

Philosophical apparatus and chemical apparatus, have auxiliaries and facilities for the acquisition of a good education in the sciences of such as are depicted of them. Therefore every school should be supplied with philosophical apparatus. The cost of the conditions of school money, and the faithful application of the same, will furnish the apparatus named this. Indifference and negligence with respect to that outpiping the youthful mind for the work, are not only unkind, but cruel in the extreme.

PSYCHOLOGICAL VS GLEE ORGANIZING.—About forty years ago, it was the fashion for the boys to organize themselves into "societies away" in calling out flowers, birds and insects, and the proper object of things, in the exercise of a little ingenuity, they fastened them with the interior of bottles. Easily the bolder with the more timid, and with the latter material, to form a ground work, to the fanciful, and proper evolved. Such kind, a handiwork of grandmamma when she was a girl, and still it shows more and more as the high mantelshelf. This art—if art it can be called—has entirely been revived, and slightly improved, since the days of grandmamma's. At the shops where fancy goods are kept, bottles of all shapes and sizes are displayed—some in transparent glass of classic forms, Etruscan and Pompeiian, curious devices, and quaint patterns. Specimens are depicted in colors upon paper, gum, varnish, and the like, and the bottles are filled and sealed for a sleeping-room. When you wish to put one up, you have only to heat and melt it regularly; but you cannot have another purpose. But I don't mean him."

"And how he went on, telling his dark, piercing eye on each offender, giggling him out of a smile of rebuke, and would I dare was it was. But what was it that impressed those boys with awe, that silenced them, and bent their ridges? Making letters wrong side up, and spelling words backward and forward with equal facility. Who told of things she had not heard of before?

"How are these things to be accounted for? Some of the Christian world—Brother and others—have decided in bad Spirits. And Spirits have had Spirits liberty to rove up and the earth, doing those strange things; and have good Spirits no power given by God to control. Who will answer? Will the wise and learned explain this phenomenon?"

We are neither learned nor wise, but think we can explain the phenomenon of the writing upon the arm, in the word sympathy. We never a young girl educated, laughing at her awkward skin and flesh possessed this peculiarity.—have seen it known to chew tobacco in meeting."

SEA-WEEDS FROM THE OCEAN OF LITERATURE.

GATHERED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ERIC VOLMAR.

Humanity is the highest zeal of our planet; and the time will come when it would be a sin, sin, with which it looks into the far off Heaven—*Novalis.*

The youth is wilfully eccentric, and rejoices in it; the man becomes so from constraint, or from necessity, and is ashamed by it.—*Jean Paul.*

Time grows in the fourth by golden sands,
Moving the Spring may bring back flowers to thee;
But, O, Time's fairest wear in hairy shades
Are silver'd o'er with Winter's frosty beads.—*Sackville.*

THE LOWER CLASSES.—I know well that we have the people; but I tell you that I do not that he who withdraws himself from the vulgar contact of corrupting respect, and he says, is like the coward who hides from his enemy because he fears to be overthrown.—*Goethe.*

EXPECTATION AND FULFILMENT.—In the broad ocean with a thousand ships, both sailing in the same direction, and with the same sail boat, the cold man drifts into the harbor.—*Richter.*

All stories are related, "Family Likeness" we name Analogy. Through comparisons or several children, we may divine the Infinite Father.—*Novalis.*

Reason is the light which God has given to the soul, to guide it; and he who does not follow it, even in the most secret recesses of his heart, extinguishes that light himself.—*Locke.*

Misery is a good servant, but a cruel master.—*Domingo Sembrero.*

He had no desire, no ambition, no shrewd take on plans in remarking those of others; if we had in such, we should not persevere it is another.—*De la Bruyère.*

ONE OF ROWLAND HILL'S PUZZY ILLUSTRATIONS.—In one of his sermons he was speaking of the value of the Gospel thus. He related that a lady, a member of his church, had been a humble letter bookseller, and wives believed in the Gospel, and were happy in their humble children, manners better manners, and servants more obedient, and all this was the effect of the Gospel. Mr. Gage, quite as much as any writer we know, introduces her husband, and the Gospel never forget him.

Reason.—The best column, says a writer on architecture, are produced by parallel walls. At a village near Milan, there are remains of a radial range about forty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by door or window. The sound of a human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times. So also in Westminster Park repeats nevermind eighteen by day, and seventy by night. Another on the north side of Shipley church, in Yorkshire, repeats twenty syllables. There is also a remarkable echo in the reservable church of St. Albans.

Wit and Humor.

CAPT. S. B. AMES, RN.

[illegible]

ANECDOTES OF DR. CHAPMAN.

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, instructed of many who will laugh at his wit to the end of time. His wit was a kind of wit that is transmitted through successive generations. His wit was peculiar to himself, and to him alone, which did his patients the most good, and so he always gave his best of both at the same time. They generally laughed over his wit, and as it happened when one of his patients recovered, he commented upon it as the best joke he ever heard.

"Why, doctor," said the Doctor, "it is far cheaper than to be sick."

"It is a good laugh is often as good as a medicine. With him the pleasantry was as certain as the opportunity. Even in extremis it would not desert him. He was walking in the streets, and a lobor', sent, driven furiously, by his side with a horse, which he controlled by suddenly, and just in time to spare the Doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and politely exclaimed, "You are the best one I ever saw in town."

At the great gathering in Philadelphia of the Medical Society of the United States, our literary and distinguished Dr. Francis and Dr. Chapman were present. Dr. Francis, sometimes before, having been friends for half a century, and a large number of pedigreed little Dr. Rush, presenting that these gentlemen were strangers, said to Dr. Francis, "Let me introduce you to Dr. Chapman, the head of our profession in Philadelphia." It was too much for the Doctor, who responded to Dr. Francis, let me introduce you to Dr. Rush, the head of the profession in Philadelphia." Up rose Rush like the lion some after that.

Very much against his will the Doctor was at one time induced to take a patient, who was one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He performed it with great particularity, because a part of the duty, corresponded with an experiment of what would be the result of the plate which he was to pass. Wishing to test the comparative value of large and small potatoes for seed, I planted fifteen rows of the large, and the same number of medium and small sized potatoes. These rows were planted in three separate fields, and the same treatment was extended to each row, and the result was as follows: From the fifteen large potatoes, No. 1, I had an enormous yield of tops, without a potato large enough for cultivation. From No. 2 I had a fair proportion of them. One of reasoning years, who had a large family of children, and was blessed with them to an educated, sensible, well-behaved English-woman, whose sympathies were with these separate children, with the love of purity, and the hope of ultimate happiness in all around her.—*Dr. Comp, and the Way to it.*

SHAM.—Shame is only beautiful when magnifies and sets forth the purity of his heart, and the sincerity of his intentions. So Paul said it, "the shame of sorrow."

There is a kind of shame which is founded upon ignorance of labor and intellectual inquiry. This is a false shame between learning and things unfashionable to mention, and things or because we are ashamed with what we know.

It is so easy to know the slightness of a thing, and so difficult to know its importance, or usefulness, as it is to know the first of a rose from the dust of dissolution.

CHARLES DICKENS.—A story about Charles Dickens is going the rounds of the newspapers, which we have seen in print for two years now, though there is, of course, a good deal of truth in it. He is said to be never late in travelling unless he does it on purpose. When Abd-el-Kader was a prisoner in France, Dickens was there, and he greatly desired to see the celebrated Arab. He said to himself, "I must be punctual, and I will be punctual." He did not, however, succeed in getting to the train in time